MARVEL
PG 24

WINICK

WALKER

COLBEY

EXILES

WITH AN IRON FIST PART 2

THE OVAL OFFICE,
NEW YORK CITY.

Super beings that leap from reality to reality righting wrongs?

Talk about a load of *crap*.

Don't **move.** Not a **muscle.** Not an **inch.** Anyone **blinks** and they get a **repulsor ray** in the head.

"**Blinks.**" Interesting choice of words.

Shut up, **Spider...**

Please stand down, **President Stark.** Before this **escalates** further.

Vision, **relax.** We're here to **help.**

You w… …ure the Inhum… …r us to **move** … …n this reality we ha… …o aid you in accom… …ng just th…

Gambit. *Mutant acrobat and warrior endowed with the ability to infuse any object with energy and transform it into an explosive projectile. Current Leader of* **Weapon X.**

Vision. *Sentient android, created from the cybernetic organisms of Ultron and the original Human Torch, possessing the ability to control his body's density.*

Hulk. *Former mob bookkeeper transformed into an eight-foot jade powerhouse.*

Besides... there's **six** of us and **one** of you.

Angel. *Winged mutant and gun-toting assassin.*

If we really **wanted** to whack you, you'd already be *Spam in a can.*

Storm. *Sixteen-year-old mutant weather witch and ruler of half her reality's Africa.*

Spider. *Peter Parker, bitten by a radioactive spider. Sports an alien born symbiote as a costume.*

Is that right?

I'd say that I've got you *covered.*

BEEP!

Yes, I'd say he could *probably* kill us.

Wow. Now *that's* impressive.

Except me.

Yes, except *you,* Vision, you indestructible #$%^@...

I'm *sure* hoping the *Tallus* is giving you some info, Gambit.

It *is,* Hulk...

Mr. President, we are telling the *truth.* This device I was telling you about, the Tallus-- our *guide* through realities--

--is also privy to a *great deal* of information. In this case, information about *you...*

About *me?* But I'm the *President.* I'm an *open book.*

Yeah?

So who knows you *killed* your *father?*

No one, right? Not a *soul.* Hell, *you* don't even believe it sometimes. But you did it, Stark. You were *fourteen.*

This charm bracelet I'm sporting tells me your *most* deep darks, *mon ami...* and they sure ain't pretty.

We *are* who we *say* we are.

And only *we* can assist you in attaining what you seek.

Okay... you've got my attention.

Let's go for a walk.

LATER, IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ROSE GARDEN...

Maybe you *Weapon X* people aren't good listeners-- we have *tried every* conceivable way to break through that force field on *Attilan*.

Outside of a *nuclear strike* on that island city, I don't think we can break down the G-barrier. It was created by *Galactus* for God's sake.

In any event, I want the Inhumans *alive*. We can't get too *aggressive*.

There is a way to *disengage* it... the force field.

HOW?

"Reed Richards created a *key*. Just in case the force field technology fell into the *wrong hands*."

Typical. He *always* had a contingency plan. God, was he irritating.

Do you--

TZOT!

TZOT!

BLAM! BLAM!

KREEE!

The hell--?!

Sorry... *my* bad...

My sensors detected a guard activating a ***neural dampener***. I inferred that he planned to disable ***one*** or ***all*** of us.

So then why were ***you*** shooting, Angel? You don't have any ***scanners***.

Vision started it.

Sorry. I neglected to order them against "sneak attacks".

It's all right... I've got more guards. But I'm impressed with your, well... ***willingness to act.***

"Willingness to act." A political euphemism for ***vaporizing*** a dude's head, right, Hulk?

Shut up, Spider.

So do you people ***have*** this key that lowers the field?

No, Richards left it with someone he trusted.

Who?

Simon Williams. Wonder Man.

Aw, hell...

That's ***bad?***

Yeah. That's bad. Egg headed sonofa #$%^...

Wonder Man's... a bit of a ***problem*** in this reality.

Aw, c'mon-- you're ***The Prez.***

You don't like somebody, you can just drop a ***nuke*** on him!

No, *that* would just piss him off.

"Years ago, I was *finally* able to kill the *Hulk* by dropping a high concentration *Gamma Bomb* on him.

"It created a radiation storm *so* intense that even *he* couldn't absorb all the radiation.

"The *problem* was that *Simon Williams* was standing 20 feet away at the time."

And he didn't *die?*

Hell, no. He's comprised of *ionic energy.* He's not even *human.*

The combination of the gamma rays, Wonder Man's *already* screwed up physiology, and the genetic matter he absorbed from the disintegrating Hulk--

You killed *one* Hulk and created someone just as *strong* as him, didn't you?

A *little* stronger...

Oh boy.

Yes. But we have an *understanding.*

I leave *him* alone, he leaves *me* alone. I doubt I could find him now. He's holed up somewhere with *Wanda Maximoff, The Scarlet Witch.*

All the technology I have is *bupkiss* compared to the *occult.* They're masking their whereabouts with *magic.*

We know where he is, Stark.

Really?

That Tallus certainly is *something.*

Don't get any smart ideas. That thing doesn't like to go *walking off.*

Doctor Octopus tried snatching it from us once and all it left of him was *calamari.*

Calamari is *squid.* It is an *incorrect* reference for Doctor Octopus.

Hey, check it out!

Spock's critiquing *humor!*

You'll *never* win in open combat, Gambit. He'll kill each and every one of you.

We have no intention of *fighting* him, Stark.

We're just gonna *steal* from him.

NORTHWESTERN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS...

You were *meditating* for a *long* time today, Simon.

I had some nightmares.

Wanda Maximoff-- The Scarlet Witch.

Nightmares... or *visions?*

I can't ever tell the difference, Wanda. *You're* the *witch.* Maybe they meant *something...* maybe they didn't...

...I just didn't sleep well...

Simon Williams-- Wonder Man.

What are you going to do today?

I want to *swim.* Then paint. Do you want to swim with me?

I would.

Stephen! Would you like to join us for a swim?

No thank you! I've *just* hit a groove on translating the *Snemeian Demon* texts!

Stephen Strange. Doctor Strange. Former Master of Mysticism.

God, it's like some freaked out sitcom.

"He's a monster, she's a witch and he's a crippled sorcerer. They're *Chillin' In Paradise!*"

Storm, how certain are you that these talismen will counter her *fortification spell?*

I *am* a *witch.*

A *weather* witch. We want a flood -- you're the chick. But this--

I was raised at my *uncle's knee,* who was a tenth generation *shaman.* It *will* work.

We can enter this abode without alerting anyone. At least *magically.*

Let's go--

"--while they're still busy in the ocean."

I am detecting an *antimatter signature* below. There are *multiple* dampeners-- *non-technological* in nature-- to block further scans, but I believe there may be a *sub-basement.*

Then let's--

Who the hell are *you* people?

How did you get in here?

FWIP!

Okay, Doc. You don't want to *die* and I don't want to *kill* you--

but if you make a *peep*, we both may be *horribly* disappointed.

More *you* than *me*, obviously.

Crap

Stupid, *cheap* ta sman.

SNECK!

That would be the *wall* of a fortificat on spell...

Crap.

Vision, Angel! *Go!* Go find the *key!*

Everybody *clear out!* If we spl t up we can at least try and outrun him

I don't plan on *chasing* anyone

BOOOOM!

You'll *never* leave here *alive!*

You're all dead! *DEAD!*

You *hear* me!?

How could we *not* hear you, ya big-- *OOF!!*

Y'see, guys-- *this* is what *gamma rays* and *testos-terone* always get you!

BLAAM!

OOOSH!!

THE SUB-BASEMENT...

Tracking target-- *detected.* Location-- *verified*

Do you *concur,* Ange ?

Dammit-- I *said* to open the friggin *door,* Vision! Phasing makes me *puke,* you sack of bolts.

But *yeah*

--I'd say that we're going to find the high tech device *some-where* around here.

We must act in haste

Y'think? I was hoping to make *waffles...* you egotistical, overbred *microwave oven...*

OUTSIDE...

If *any* of you idiots want to help out, I won't be *insulted!*

CRACK

Wonder Man! We have *no* interest in *fighting!* Let us be on our way!

ZOONG!

KEESH!

KEESH!

KEESH!

Maybe throwing *energized knives* at him isn't the way to explain our position, *Gandhi!*

Brute Force met with brute force will *not* deliver us a *victory!*

Perhaps *nature's fury* will bring him to his knees.

KRAB OOM

AAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Maybe you can explain to me what you're all *doing* here, "Mother Nature," since you're supposed to be *dead*.

Storm, I watched you die following the leadership of my fascist father, Magneto. And Gambit... you were always on *our* side.

AAAAZTH!

Leave Simon alone, *Witch!*

How 'bout *me*, hot stuff?

Did I go down swinging in the *big war* or was I smart enough to *dodge the draft?* Did I head to *Canada?* Mexico?

Tell me I went to *Mexico!*

WAAAANDAAAA!!

That's right, big man. Ol' Spider here has got Wanda.

So you just ca m the fving hell down and we'll be on our way .. otherwise she gets a few new piercings.

Let go of me. NOW! Let go. Before it's too late!

WANDAAAAAARRRRRRGH!

Crap.

He does everything in his power to ma ntain control, you imbecile!

You're threatening me - you're getting him off!!

AAAAAARRRRRGH!!

We l ve and learn, I guess.

AAAARRRRGGGHH!!

Looks like it's time to utilize President Stark's "Wild Card"!

Provided that the damn thing works.

SHOOP!

BOK!

CLACK

CLACK

CLACK

CLACK

It's not *everyday* that someone claims they've invented a temporary portal

--TO THE NEGATIVE ZONE!

AGOOAHRR!

I'd say that it's *working!* Don't you think?!

Very astute!

Hulk! Could you *please* help our *other* giant green friend through the doorway!

Spider will shoot you a *tether line!*

Done!

WHAAM!!

MMMARGGGH!!

What happened to my tether line, you *lying* sacks of @#$%!

The *portal's* sucking me in with Wonder Man!

I didn't say *anything* about throwing you a rope.

Oh, that was *me.*

Rather *presumptuous* of you.

Looks like Hulkie's going *bye-bye.*

You're all *dead* when I catch up with you! I'll break you into *thirds,* you--

SHUUP!

Boy, *two* Hulks in the Negative Zone. *Annihilus* is sure gonna have some *cleaning* bill.

Spider, I assume you *nerve-pinched* Scarlet Witch, yes?

Oh *yeah*. Gambit, I'd *never* kill anyone who looked *that* good in a bikini.

Pigs...

You *could* have lassoed Hulk before she got sucked into the *Negative Zone*.

No way. She *outweighs* me by, like *a ton*. She'd have pulled me *right* in with her.

'Sides, she tried to *kill* me when we had that thing with the Morlocks.

BLOONK!

Well... *C'est la vie*.

I am called *Colossus*. I have become displaced in time. The *Timebroker*--

We *know*. Just hang on a sec'. It's Angel's turn to give the rundown to *newbies*.

I could do it, Spider.

No. Rules are rules. It's Angel's turn.

NEW YORK CITY
HOURS LATER...
And so it goes. The Inhuman's last defense has an Achilles Heel.
And Tony Stark now has the arrow that will pierce the skin.
THE INHUMANS THRONE ROOM...
Black Bolt knew this was unavoidable. He knew that his people's long journey was ending.
They are tired, he thinks. His people-- his fellow Inhumans-- have run for so long, gone without so much...
...known so little joy in past decades.
The Inhuman children do not remember a time other than this. They never knew the majesty that was their kingdom.
The pride their people once possessed. They know only what it is to be hunted.

He can offer them so little hope now.

But he will offer what he can.

A guarantee the Inhumans will never be hunted again.

TO BE CONCLUDED...